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THE CARMELITE

VOLUME I. NUMBER 19 | WEDNESDAY | JUNE 20 1928
FIVE CENTS | CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA | CALIFORNIA

Guild Announces Play Competition

The first open meeting of the Theater Guild of the Golden Bough, held last Sunday afternoon at the theatre, included much of beauty and interest. Mrs. Hopper, an old-timer, presiding, drew a picture of the first days of the theatre in Carmel, when the lighting was accomplished with candles. But the traditions of the good old days give place to the new. Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, a piece of brilliant decoration upon the broad expanse of the stage, described the present function of those who support theatres such as the Golden Bough. To nourish the arts; to make the birth of the great dramatists of the future possible, by providing them with an experimental art theatre,—this is their use. The Theatre of the Golden Bough does incidentally provide one of the finest equipments, as to lighting and forestage, in the country.

Light-play of amazing simplicity and beauty, upon the dome of the theatre followed. The exquisite reticence of this display gave it a powerful subtlety. Members of the audience uttered the hope that such abstract light-play might often be seen here; for it forms a separate art.

Morris Ankrum, director of the players of the theatre, came forward with the announcement of a plan for a play competition. The plays to be submitted to a group of judges before the first of August; the play to be produced before the end of the month. This is an important step toward the realization of a really experimental art theatre in the Golden Bough. It offers to playwrights awake to the possibilities of the modern theatre, an opportunity for exceptional realization. After a dramatic pantomime by Aanchen von Gaal, the first open meeting of the Guild closed, upon the modern note of a luminously decorative painting by Stanley Wood painted for this week's play.

It was not announced, but should perhaps have been, that membership in the Guild is open to all, and begins at a dollar. It is good to know that there will be other open meetings set in the key of the first, with its high quality.

BIRD LIFE ON THE SANDS OF CARMEL

Photograph by Laidlaw Williams, ornithologist.

LOBOS

Hush!
If you lie close to a rock in the silence of the sun
you hear.
You will not hear with the outer ear
but you will hear
thunder.
It will sound through the rock and through your body.
You will tremble as the rock trembles
at so terrible a sound.
To the end of time you shall never know
if it was the heart of the rock or your heart
or the sea . . .

* * * *

Foam flowers spring from spray—
bud and bloom and break away
into a million million glittering seeds
all in one moment.
All in one moment they are scattered—
the wave takes them in soft shining hands,
scatters and weaves them in and out
into a pattern of delicate silken lace—
lace for a scarf.
There are no words sheer enough to tell of that scarf
or of the floating silver serpent curves it makes
winding about a rock.

Sometimes it stays there a long while—
sometimes the wind whisks it off
and back to the merchant sea.

—Jeanne Burton.

City Council Holds Peaceful Meeting

Thirty-three good citizens sat themselves down on the folding chairs allotted to spectators at the Monday evening meeting of the City Council. Some were the old faithfuls who always come; some were from the press; some came with the earnest look of those who knew something was up in the matter of street paving on San Carlos. The Council at its last meeting had passed a vote to pave from Third to Eighth on San Carlos,—and they brought with them a feeling of issues.

But the Council cannot live by issues alone. They like a little peace and harmony sometimes. This was so harmonious a meeting that one could almost sleep through it. The genial Mayor announced a need to name a street,—one between Mission and Santa Lucia. A Spanish name being preferred, and the spectators brought into the general discussion, the name "Rio Road," meaning Road to the River, was cheerfully agreed on.

"Any more business?" inquired the Mayor. A citizen stepped forward to ask what could be done to alter the condition of a road which had softened since sewers had been put in. She was advised to pile on a few loads of gravel.

"Any more business?" Superintendent of Streets Fraser reported that dead limbs falling from trees had recently broken two fences. "But if we trim, there will be a riot." Acknowledging the idiosyncrasies of the citizens of Carmel concerning trees, the Council nevertheless passed a vote that these be trimmed but not cut down.

"Any more business?" It seemed there was none. At seven minutes past nine the meeting adjourned. How easy to govern a city!

And yet the editor of the Carmelite has had a busy week listening to indignant tales from half a dozen individuals, concerning defective sewers and inadequate city engineering!

Editorial Sigh: Life is real, life is earnest . . and life is full of interruptions.

CIVIC ARCHITECTURAL CONTROL

By Dr. Carol Aronovici,
Editor of The Community Builder

The last twenty years have witnessed in the United States a process of crude surgery in the replanning of many of our cities and towns which, far from satisfying the needs of modern community life, has at least brought into prominence our failures.

So flagrant has become this failure in our larger populational centers that we may be inclined to agree with Dante, who when asked: "Where didst thou see Hell?" answered, "In the city around me."

The technical skill applied to the problems of city planning varies, of course, with the ability and vision of the planners, and the willingness of the citizens to meet existing problems with courage and intelligence.

Briefly defined, **civic design is the art of conserving all the natural advantages of a city and controlling all building enterprise, whether public or private, so as to blend them into a harmonious whole.**

Strictly interpreted this definition of civic design would require that mountain views and water fronts, building facades and fences, street advertising and power carrying poles, street planting and building lines, as well as the color of all structures exposed to public view, should be given the treatment that would enhance the beauty and incidentally the economic and social value of each factor.

The serious problem, however, is to be found in controlling the architecture of private buildings, whether they be homes, business buildings, or factories. Our civic horrors intrude themselves upon us every day regardless of our wishes. May they not also be placed under control.

Under the leadership of outstanding architects, engineers, sculptors, painters, and civic-minded laymen, much that would otherwise have been drab in color and design and unsuited for the specific purposes for which the buildings were to be used, has been raised to a high level of beauty and utility.

The control of building design, location, and orientation; of lot occupancy in order to conserve and enhance valuable vistas; the conservation of landmarks and their surroundings; and the control of street planting, and even colors used on buildings—all of these are included in the harmonization which architectural control can bring about.

The material upbuilding of our cities is going on apace, but we still lack the vision, the taste, and the self-control that will make our cities great.

The writer of the article above, Dr. Carol Aronovici, on his return drive from Carmel to Los Angeles, was run into by a car which ignored a boulevard stop, destroying his car.

ARGO-NOUGHTS . . . .

Every now and then we find ourselves in the minority. Highly-seasoned theatre goer, hardy news hound and ex-highbrow that we are, we had this handed to us recently. The gay young Chadseys, whom we had thought our friends, called us over in a restaurant and said, "Hilda, the Carmelite is under new management, and it has been criticised for being too highbrow, so we want you to write something for it." We never heard it called that, but were too stunned to take issue on any subject.

The remark pleased us in every way. So we checked our brains (if any), for we won't need them, nor need to look wise and pretend to understand the symbolism and mystery where there ain't none. We felt just like Frank Sheridan (and we hope all this publicity wont go to his head) when Winsor Josselyn, speaking for an irate Abalone League, said to him, "Frank, we have decided that the Giants have too strong a team, and we must weaken it. Will you play right field?"

* * * *

With Charlie Van Riper's Giants strengthening their strangle hold on the Abalone Cup by defeating the Pirates, the Crescents staging a nine run show in the fourth inning of their game against the Tigers, and the Reds handing the small end of the score to the disconsolate Shamrocks, there was plenty of action at Abalone Field last Sunday.

Air tight fielding on the part of both teams was the feature of the Red-Shamrock game, which opened the session. Ernest Schweninger pitched a fine steady game, and both teams hit freely, but the score was held to 3 to 2. It looked for a time that the Shamrock jinx had departed, when in the second inning Machado got a two-bagger, Alderson hit, so did Steve Field, and after two outs, Mary Elizabeth Douglass walked. Winsor Josselyn came up with the bases full, and distinguished himself by picking Frenchy Murphy to hit to. One run scored. At the first of the seventh, Billy Argo came to bat for the Reds. Fired by the forceful advice of Frank Sheridan not to disgrace his mother, Bill looked carefully over the Shamrocks, picked out Frank's star of the night before, and dropped a single over by By Ford's copper head. Barnet Segal hit, and Don Hale followed suit, Bill sliding home in a cloud of dust with the tying run, and Barnet on his heels with the winning run. The green shirts couldn't score in their half, and once more Frank showed he was a better director than a ball player.

The Tigers and Crescents started off with the well known bang, Ammerman getting a two-bagger, Thompson walking, and stealing second, Vic Renslow hit, and mighty Casey, the tennis champ got one on the end of his bat, Peter Friedrichsen hit, and four runs came in. The Tigers decided this must stop, Roy McCullough (who has it over me twice, for he can not only play ball, but can write intelligently on the subject), hit over second. Tal Josselyn walked, and stole second. Paralyzed by the sight Freddy walked Whittaker. There was no scoring in the third in spite of the fact Marian Todd was at bat. She remarked to the gallery that no one ever told her the time the game started, hoping that she wouldn't come, but she always arrived early and fooled 'em. But in the glorious fourth there was plenty of fireworks and excitement. Helen Turner made the feature play of the day, by catching the ball and also putting Marble out at first.

The second half of the fourth was a crime. Gene Marble had lost his well known control somewhere on the ranch, and his team showed he was not the only one.. Nine runs were chalked up. After that there wasn't much to the game. Larry Pryor, who has the appalling habit of never touching second base as he rounds it, took my advice, and touched it with amazing results. He came towards the gallery with an accusing finger pointed toward me. "There now. The only time this year I waited to touch second, I got put out."

—Hilda

THE YOUNGEST SET . . . .

Markham Johnston (9) of Sacramento is at the Carmel Hospital recovering from an exploded appendix which was cut out. When Pete Steffens (3) was taken to have his tonsils and adenoids removed, Markham gave Pete's mother a kind word of sympathy. "Gee," he said, "I hate to see a little tyke like that go into the operating room."

* * * *

Garth and Donnan Jeffers, twins, (11) are dividing their time between wood carving, and poker, in which Joe Schoeninger, Jr. is their teacher.

Joe Schoeninger (12), aside from teaching poker and playing the xylophone in the Carmel Childrens' Orchestra, delivers the Peninsula Daily Herald from his bicycle nightly.

* * * *

Castle building has begun on the sands. It is noticeable that children do not build them in the air.

The CARMELITE Calendar

JUNE

21-22-23 **Golden Bough**—"The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, 8:30 p. m.

23 **Community Dance** — Sunset School Auditorium, 9 to 12 p. m.

24 **Divine Services** — All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science, at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission, at 10:00 a. m.

24 **Baseball** — Abalone League games in Carmel Woods, 1:00; 2:15; 3:30 p. m.

25 **City Hall** — Council Meeting, 7:30 p. m.

26 **Golden Bough** — Christian Science Lecture by C. E. Jarvis. Open to the Public. 8:00 p. m.

26 **City Hall** — City Planning Commission meeting, 8:00 p. m.

27-28 **Golden Bough**—UFA film, "Metropolis," with prolog by Anne Mundstock, modern dancer. Preceded by nature reel at 7:30.

28-29-30 **Carmel Playhouse** — Comedy,—"The Whole Town's Talking," by John Emerson and Anita Loos, 8:30.

30 **Community Dance** — Sunset School Auditorium, 9 to 12 p. m.

THE SEASON FOR OPEN HARMONY BEGINS

School is over, and the universities are sending the fledglings out of the nest. Carmel again becomes a scene of youth. Pretty young things perch like butterflies on the rim of the horizon; and strapping youths, broad-shouldered, advertise tersely in the papers; "Wanted: Work. Any kind" The old-fashioned rocking-chair-on-the-veranda type of vacationist has disappeared. This is a generation of doers.

On the beach, sun-bronzed athletes in the merest of the mere as to bathing-suits, conscientiously turn themselves to the sun, deepening their color. It is the season of love-making. The young woods provide the idyllic, sunset over Lobos, the dramatic, note. And in the late evening, a quartet of youths, with arms slung across one another's shoulders, come singing down the street in the close harmony of friendship.

CHANGED THEIR MINDS

While Holman Day, who lives at Carmel Highlands, was associated with First National Pictures, he wrote "Clothes Make the Pirate," and offered it to the producing company at a nominal price. It was sent to the Eastern company where it met an immediate rejection. Day still thought of it as a story, so when he severed his connection with the studio and motion picture production he made it into a novel. Now that it has been published First National has paid $10,000 for the rights it could have had for a few hundred dollars.

The new open air swimming pool at Asilomar, Pacific Grove, will be open to the public during the summer mornings for a nominal fee.

ON THE WING . . . .

From time to time, as the birds fly, Mr. Laidlaw Williams will report them, as he gets them, with his trained eye, ear and mind, simply, carefully, affectionately, like this:

A FEMINIST VISITS CARMEL

Unlike most forms of nature, except the highest, the female Phalaropes are more brightly colored than the males; they do all the courting and leave most of the domestic duties to their modest-colored mates.

In late spring and early fall these dainty little birds visit the Carmel Lagoon and the ponds between Del Monte and Monterey. Resting on the water as bouyantly as fluff, they swim energetically about, picking nervously here and there at tiny bits of food. Sometimes they walk about on the shores and probe in the mud, like the Sandpipers and Plover, to which group of birds they belong. But the Phalaropes differ from the others of the group in having their toes half-webbed, or scalloped, which enables them to swim.

Carmel to them is but an incident in their great semi-annual journey up and down the coasts of two continents. Most shore-birds winter on the coast of Central America and on the Argentine Pampas, some going as far south as Patagonia. Many of them raise their families in Alaska and the northern fringe of North America up to and beyond the Arctic Circle.

The Western Sand-piper which we see feeding in the sand-flats of the river-mouth and occasionally on the beach, winters in Central America and nests in Alaska. It is difficult for the average observer to distinguish between this species and the smallest of our shore-birds, the Least Sandpiper, with which it often associates.

The large brownish bird with long legs and a somewhat long down-curved bill, which we see stalking about on the beach, is the Hudsonian or Jack Curlew. When flushed it rises with a loud stuttering whistle.

Often the Sanderling, another beach-comer, attracts even more attention then the human bathing beauties. They gather in large compact flocks on the wet part of the beach, follow the receding waves as far as they can, dabble in the sand while the wave is at its lowest ebb, and then as the breaker returns scamper up the beach again, just keeping out of reach on the fringe of the wash. So fast must they twinkle their legs that it often makes them blurred or almost invisible.

The Western Sandpiper is smaller and is less white than the Sanderling. Moreover, it does not appear on the beach as often. In winter, the Sanderling has a black patch on the wing which is seen when folded.

The Sanderling's winter range is spread out from Chile up to Central California on the Pacific and Massachusetts on the Atlantic. But the winter home of our visiting feminist, the Northern Phalerope, was, until recently, one of the mysteries of bird migration. An observer found it not long ago in large flocks floating on smooth or glassy parts of the ocean off the coast of Peru.

—Laidlaw Williams.

CARMEL NEWS . . . .

OUR NEW CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

Fremont Older, of the San Francisco Call, has consented to join our Board of Contributing Editors. A smile of pleasure crossed his face when he heard of Carmel's new venture in journalism: he is a pessimist who always hopes again. His first contribution will be an article on "Bad People I Have Known."

SUMMONS BY THE FIRE SIREN

All down Ocean Avenue and Dolores Street, everybody stopped, about to enter the post office, about to buy a Carmelite, about to get a shave, everybody stopped and stood gaping. It was the first time in two months that we had heard the fire siren. Little boys with hopes high, flocked on bicycles to see the excitement.

But it was only a small brush fire in the Eighty Acres. Chief Leidig attributes the small number of fire-calls this year to the efforts of the department at keeping lots cleared of rubbish, and the cooperation of individuals in regard to fire hazards in their homes.

This week, beginning Sunday the 17th, is Clean-up week. Firemen will be sent around from house to house with self-inspection blanks, calling for a careful examination by each property owner or tenant of all possible fire hazards. This measure will be followed up, after the collection of the filled-in blanks on Thursday, by inquiry into any of the cases which show a need for improvement of fire-prevention measures.

"CAMPWARD HO!"

Carmel and Pacific Grove Girl Scouts are to have their own joint camp this year, and so are busy shaking out the old duffle-bag or buying a new one, planning the things that go into it, practicing the songs of camp and trail, and looking forward to the close of school, which to a Girl Scout always means camp.

In years before, it has also meant to California Girl Scouts their own much loved "Camp Chaparral" in the Big Basin near Santa Cruz. But "Chaparral" this year is to be a big training camp for Girl Scout leaders, like the wonderful Camp Edith Macy, Camp Andree, and others in the East—and Girl Scouts who go there will stay from four to six weeks. Therefore, the Carmel Girl Scout Council, in order that no two-weeks-camper shall be disappointed, is busy organizing a camp of its own, and promise a detailed account of it later.

The Pacific Grove Council, hearing rumors of the plan, asked if they might join and help in establishing the camp.

One of the Carmel Girl Scouts, who this year moved to San Jose, and one who has gone to Piedmont, is coming to join the old troop in camp here.

PUTTING THE ART IN ARTINESS

(No word-for-word report was made of the address at the Golden Bough on Sunday by Ella Winter, but here is the outline of it as drawn by her and her husband. Ed.)

Carmel is called arty; and it is. But so is New York arty, and Paris Rome, Berlin, Vienna. And yet there is art in all of these great cities as there is in Carmel.

If artiness is the wish to write and paint and play; and if it is much talk about the True and the Beautiful by people who do not achieve art, then there is no place more arty than the Latin Quarter of Paris. Go to the Dome or the Rotonde at any time any day or night, take any vacant table and listen to the talk all about you. It will be arty: how to write, how not to write, paint, act, compose. Anxious talk it will be too. Positive, opinionated the talkers are. In spite of all their contempt for all that is done in art, in spite of their pose of certainty of judgment upon others, they are in grave doubt about themselves and their notion as to what is art; and deeply they wish to know.

They say and they believe and they fear that art is far, far above them, that they must be uplifted to its heights, and meanwhile for the sacred cause of this art they live down to their ideals in poverty, cold, hunger and dirt. But they have no sure insight—else they would not talk; and so—they do not paint, they do not write, they do not make music. The cafes of Paris are arty like the poor little cheap hotels, the apartments.

There are studios, however, in Paris, and there are artists who work in them, long, hard, happily and not in vain. One night Ernest Hemingway gave a dinner—a cheap, good little dinner, to John Dos Passos in one of those crowded little restaurants. They do not talk much about writing; a few words, sharp and clear. They talk about people and countries and adventures, the stuff for stories, but not as stuff for stories.

The arty people are the fans of art. They help to make the art atmosphere in Paris—and in Carmel—and in Vienna—and in New York. Artiness may be the soil out of which art grows and flowers.

In New York it was Gene O'Neill and George Cramb Cook and arty folk like them who created that dirty little arty theatre called the Provincetown Players. Idealists, they could not get a look-in at the reguiar theatres. They belonged, they were just a small faction of a whole lot of queer-looking, queer-acting, wild-talking discontents who could not get together in New York. The Provincetown Players were united only in one point: they all spent their summer vacations at a cheap resort called Provincetown. There they dressed in odd styles, lived in arty little old fishermen's cottages, low-ceiled, small-roomed; they quarrelled about one another's wives, and ideas about plays and scenery and acting. It was just like Paris; it was just like Carmel. And most of them were wrong, of course.

But the arty people fertilized the soil out of which, in time, with heart-burnings and disillusionment, the flowers of painting, sculpture, plays and acting grow and bloom.

Carmel has a theatre building such as no Provincetown Players, such as no arty little pestiferous bunch of cranks has ever had to start with. Around this perfect playhouse a group is forming. It can't make money. The Provincetown Players never did make money. The Theater Guild of the Golden Bough is asking for support from us, the community of Carmel, and the other communities of the Monterey Peninsula. Let us give it to them. They will do the work; they are breaking their hearts over the details of the job they have chosen. They are falling down sometimes in their ideals. But they are carrying on a tradition of our little town, making a present and preparing a future which is sure to produce actors, playwrights, scene-painters and an audience some day. They are asking now, first, for money enough to enable Mr. Ankrum to go through with his fine program for the summer; second, for members of a Guild of backers for a permanent theatre in Carmel.

And, there are children coming along, who will be grateful that we brought them up in a community where art was in the air, where acting and painting and writing were a regular and tense occupation.

—E. W.

THEATRE OF
THE GOLDEN BOUGH
Presents
The Golden Bough Players
"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"
Comedy by Oscar Wilde
Directed by Morris Ankrum
THURS. - FRI. - SAT.
JUNE 21, 22, 23, at 8:30
ADMISSION $1.00, $1.50, Plus Tax

Coming!
" METROPOLIS "
with Anne Mundstock
(Modern dancer in Person)
June 27, 28
"TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM"
July 3, 4, 5

MANZANITA
THEATER

Wednesday - Thursday, 20 - 21
"THE ENEMY"
with Lillian Gish

Friday, June 22
"FRENCH DRESSING"
Lois Wilson — H. B. Warner

Saturday, June 23
"FOOLS FOR LUCK"
Chester Conklin - W. C. Fields

Sunday - Monday, 24 - 25
"PARTNERS IN CRIME"
Wallace Beery — Raymond Hatton
also
Buffalo Bill's Last Fight

Tues. - Wed. - Thurs. 26-27-28
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THE ARTS . . . .

THE COPPERHEAD

A positively inspired performance of the role of Milt Shanks by Byington Ford, supplemented by almost equally arresting work on the part of Jadwiga Noskowiak and Ernest Schweninger, together with a capable supporting cast and the perfect directing of Frank Sheridan, were the outstanding features of "The Copperhead" given at the Carmel Playhouse last week-end.

Byington Ford in the title-role set the pace from the start and maintained it, a heavy burden in itself. He gave the most moving characterization the seekers after good drama have seen in many moons. Ford did this by a combination of his splendid natural talent and the trained perfection of stage technique of his director. He knew how to strengthen a weak line, how to fill the stage at an awkward moment by a rigid silence rather than by commotion. He was convincing in his sincerity in the first epoch of the play, but in the second epoch, forty years later, he gave what was to my mind a flawless performance.

Jadwiga Noskowiak, in the first epoch, as the loyal wife and mother, smarting under the galling pity of her neighbors, and fired by a devotion to the Northern cause, did an excellent piece of work. As the granddaughter of the Copperhead, forty years later, she gave us an entirely different stage portrait, in mannerism, inflection and appearance . . . not an easy thing to do.

Ernest Schweninger, as the uncompromising Northern soldier, Newt Gillespie, upheld his reputation as one of the finest comedy actors we have. His work showed a rare combination of restraint and comedy sense.

The staging and setting were in good taste, adequate but unobtrusive, providing the essential background.

—Hilda Wallace Argo.

PICTURES FOR THE CHILDREN

The movie for children, "Soaring Wings," at the Golden Bough last Friday and Saturday was an exceptionally beautiful piece of photography. It gave slow-motion close-ups of birds in flight, gulls, clumsy condors, owls, hawk and pigeon; it showed how they use their tails in delicate balancing feats, and in alighting. An owl flew silently pursuing its prey, and then posed for its photo with the field-mouse in its beak; a hawk chased, pinned down and killed a pigeon; an enormous flock of birds, preparatory to migrating, chased an even more enormous cloud of gnats.

Bird, animal and insect movies, such as the Golden Bough is planning to show before every feature picture, are the best and most entrancing medium to interest children (and grown-ups for that matter) in the life of us animals. No amount of reading or gazing at photographs or even observation can bring home the drama of plant and animal life as a moving picture can.

These are the "artistic movies" we have been crying out for.

—E. W.

BRILLIANT COMEDY AT GOLDEN BOUGH THIS WEEK

Oscar Wilde is admitted to have written the wittiest plays that have been seen on the modern stage. Sparkling wit of a rare, whimsical, biting quality, a brilliant mastery of the technique of writing, an abandon of enjoyment of elements that are always slightly unreal—which to Wilde is an essential of a play—all go to make an Oscar Wilde comedy genuine entertainment. "The Importance of Being Earnest" is probably the most successful of all the comedies of manners written during the nineteenth century. The Carmel production will be a brilliant one, with Houghton Furlong as Ernest, Baldwin McGaw of Berkeley as Algernon, Emma Knox McGaw as Cecily, Tommi Thompson as Gwendolyn, Wendy Green as Miss Prism, and Dorothy Ledyard as Lady Bracknell. Morris Ankrum will direct the Golden Bough production. The settings for the production have been designed by Stanley Wood the painter. The vivid, gorgeous colorings will complete the high key of wit, costume, manner, and mood, in which production is set.

THE CHILD AS ACTOR

(Rem is the only one in blue jeans and a sombrero, with a little white dog folowing after. He writes when he ought to be painting and he paints when he ought to be writing. He has just revised his children's play, "Inchling," for the Forest Theater production August 4th.)

At heart children live best by playing the parts of grown people. And perhaps the mirror they hold up is happy enough for us to see how absurdly close we still are to childhood.

As for the play, let the theme be whimsical. It is perhaps the only way to catch the spirit of their little world. But let the characters be human, for the more human they are, the better the children will enjoy the acting.

—Rem.

This advertisement is complimentary to the
Carmel Playhouse
Abalone League Theatre
the whole town's talking of
"THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING"
—another delicious comedy with George Ball directing—
THUHS. - FRI. - SAT.
JUNE 28-29-30
Tickets at Staniford's
Prices: 50c, $1, $1.50 no tax

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Telephone: MONTEREY 1500

Wednesday, June 20
LOIS WILSON
in FRENCH DRESSING

Thursday - Friday, 21 - 22
NORMA TALMADGE
in THE DOVE

Saturday, June 23
GEORGE O'BRIEN
in SHARP SHOOTER

Sunday, June 24
BEBE DANIELS
in THE 50 - 50 GIRL
FIVE ACTS OF VAUDEVILLE

Monday, June 25
ROAD TO ROME

Tuesday - Wednesday, 26 - 27
A NIGHT OF MYSTERY
E. C. HOPKINS at the ORGAN

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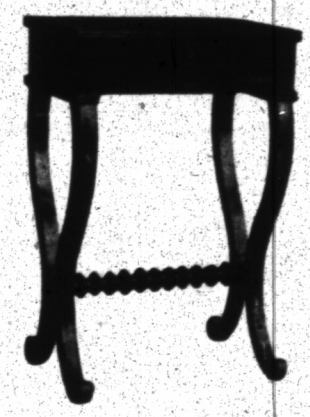

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THE ARTS . . . .

THE CHILD AS ARTIST

In the foyer of the Golden Bough this week end are some crayon drawings by Alameda School Children. If art is pleasure, here it is. One is tempted to say, "From henceforth I shall do no work with my right hand. It has become too sly and cunning." This is what Matisse decided years ago. But can we go back to the fresh-visioned world of the child? Gaugin, Matisse, —how many have tried it, lured on by the spontaneity of drawings like those of these Alameda children. The primitives were not trying to be primitive; these children are not trying to be naive. They are merely carrying the thing as far as they can toward what they conceive to be perfection.

Perfection of some sort must always be an aim, but too many artists with an eye to technical perfection, have fallen by the wayside into a bag of their own tricks. The hand must become skillful with use, but when skill becomes an end in itself, then it is the end of art.

—Stanley Wood.

(Stanley Wood whose water-color landscapes have attracted nation-wide attention lives in a little white house with green blinds on a wooded hillside in north Carmel. He doesn't believe in inspiration, but works like any plumber eight hours a day, regardless of weather and mood, setting out in the morning with his paint-box and paper and returning only when the light of day fails. These last weeks he has been designing the stage sets for the Ankrum production of "The Importance of Being Earnest," part of which is an imposing tapestry for the drawing-room scene, which he wants announced as "The Lobos Cannery," "so nobody will know why.")

CHILDREN'S ART WORK AND SOMETHING MORE

Artistic education and the opportunity for self-expression given to children in these days, are certainly different from yesterday. Many a little village school has the essentials for the development of an artist,—a handful of colored crayons, some bright papers, a few water colors, and an understanding teacher. The results are sometimes astonishing. Better imagination and a fine discrimination, than the most thorough academic training.

Once let a child find that drawing, painting, and modelling are a game, a joy, an outlet for dreams, and the foundation is laid for appreciation and understanding of the beautiful, particularly in nature, even if no real talent is developed.

The new art education, involves more of a knowledge of psychology and personality, a drawing out of inner forces, than it does of just how a line should be drawn, or set forms copied. A feeling of rhythm, space-filling, harmony, must be imparted so subtly as to give the firm foundation for future work, and yet not hamper the imagination that is the keynote of the real creator.

The work of the children of the public schools of Alameda, under the direction of Miss Irma Wittman, now being shown in the foyer of the Golden Bough, is a good example of the modern tendency in progressive education.

Seen with the eyes of children, and done with their crude color and drawing, here are friezes executed by groups of children,—boats arriving from their trip through the Northern waters fishing for salmon; tugs pulling heavy-laden coal-barges; an Eskimo scene. One Eskimo is lying on his stomach fishing through the ice.

Spontaneous and fresh, the work of these seven and eight year-olds is more interesting than the stereotyped work of many a mature artist.

—Alberte Spratt.

HEROD'S COURT

Irene Alexander has a job and a half and a pack of fun on her hands preparing for the Forest Theater production of Stephen Phillips' drama, "Herod," for July 27th and 28th. Plans for the stage setting, under Perry Newberry, with Henry F. Dickinson Jr. for the construction end, are well under way. The play offers every opportunity for brilliant use of the outdoor theater, with all the pomp and splendor of a palace courtyard of Jerusalem. The cast, representing some of the best talent of the town, was assembled Monday. Furlong will play Herod himself, that romantic and tragic figure of the conflict between ambition and love; Wendy Green takes the part of Herod's young wife; Betty Lawrence and Billy Shepard are also in the cast. Viola Worden will give a solo dance in one of the big court scenes.

Rehearsals for the Remsen play, "Inchling," August 4th, are beginning simultaneously.

Motto for the Intelligentsia: Man is an animal run to brain.

The coast scrawls repeatedly her signature of hills on the blue sheet of the sea.

A wise man explains that the little rock-points after the names are proofs of bad temper.

—D. Rudhyar.

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THE CARMELITE

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EDITORIALS . . . .

A recent article in the Pine Cone dealt constructively with the matter of the overlapping of production dates during the coming dramatic season, and suggested a clearing house for these. Now this had long been one of our pet ideas. In fact, we had been planning to consult the Pine Cone as to whether this couldn't be worked out cooperatively by the newspapers of the town.

If, for instance, some central agency could be accepted as the recorder of times appointed for public events,—plays, concerts, and the rest,—there might develop a general habit of community cooperation for the avoidance of undesirable overlapping. For in a town the size of Carmel with its limited audience, overlapping, especially if it become chronic, might be disastrous.

Definitely as the musical audience is here, there were recently two song-recitals appointed for neighboring nights. When those responsible realized with dismay, the mischance, their announcements were already out. A clearing house could have avoided this tangle.

Carmel is not yet large enough to afford a hit-and-miss appointing of times for public events. The use of the offices of its newspapers, the Pine Cone and the Carmelite, for the registering of contemplated dates for public events, as far ahead of time as possible, will help to bring about a sensible and intelligent cooperation, untangling many unnecessary snags.

And while we are on the subject of the Crowded Week, we beg leave to unveil another brilliant idea. The ancient church had its Saints' Days; and it is obvious that we have profited by the system. From Mothers' Day to Canned Goods Week (yes, actually!) the calendar is crowded with times for things to be done and celebrated.

There are, rumor tells, some intrepid souls who, when the week looms bristling with events to be heard, seen, participated in, daringly and flatfootedly say "NO!"

Yet most of us haven't in us the courage, perhaps even the sincere desire to refuse. All about us we hear that self-contradictory groaning of people overburdened with too much of everything to do,—committees, commissions, guilds, leagues, theaters, parties. We've heard them arrive grinding their teeth at never being left alone! It's an odd state. The constant habit of DOING annihilates the possibility of CONTEMPLATION

We urge a truce. Let a week be set aside as far ahead as is feasible, in which no appointments shall be made and NOTHING HAPPEN! No plays, no afternoon teas, not even a committee meeting. What a heaven on earth. . . We sit before our typewriter enchanted by the thought. The idea of stretching out in perfect leisure and inviting our soul, without even a look at a clock, a list, or a calendar, is too, too much. Spellbound, we fold up our typewriter, and silently steal away.

Climate as a factor in personality and human behavior has interested many a student of man.

Carmel proves an interesting example. There is a stimulus here which keys us to high pitch. What is the cause? Are there electric currents generated in the air of this region? Are there chemical elements underground whose magnetic field provides disturbances of equilibrium? Or is it the sea?

Whatever it be, the high pitch and the tension are definitely local. A few miles away, it is utterly different.

Go up the valley for five miles or ten, away from the turbulence and the 'gentle thunder' of the sea on Lobos. There by the little river, in the noon sunlight, stretch on the ground. There quietness will come. The ceaseless tides of the sea beat urgent; but the teeming earth emanates peace.

CORRESPONDENCE . . . .

To the Carmelite:

In the first issue of the Carmelite under the new management, dated June 6th, appears an article headed:

WHY CARMEL NEEDS ITS OWN ENGINEER

This article contains a number of statements that are open to discussion to say the least. Will you kindly grant me space in your next issue to offer some comments? Taking these statements as they appear in the article:

1. The Sanitary Commission is now handicapped for lack of engineering service.

The Sanitary Commission or Board is a separate political unit from the City of Carmel. It raises its own revenue by direct taxation, hires its own helpers independently of the City and is not in the least interested in whether Carmel has an Engineer or not.

2. The town has never been surveyed and should be.

This is a strange statement. It is best answered perhaps by calling attention to the map of the City on file with the County Recorder at Salinas. This map is the concrete result of a thorough survey.

3. It needs a careful study for the purpose of developing a system of storm-drains.

Such a study is now on file with the City Clerk and may be seen by anyone interested.

4. We have recently spent $100,000 on sewers. These are already giving trouble, are of inadequate and wrong sized tile. A constructive study of this is necessary now.

That the sewers are "giving trouble" is news indeed. As commissioner of health and safety I am surprised that none of this trouble has been brought to my attention. I would be glad to hear the details. The charge that the pipes are inadequate and of the wrong size does not seem to be supported by any evidence whatever. Such a charge, to be taken seriously, should be supported by the evidence of a Sanitary Engineer who had made a careful study of the situation and had sufficient data on which to base such an opinion. Furthermore, until such a time as the sewer system showed unmistakable indications of failure, the authorities would not be justified in incurring the expense of such a study as is suggested.

5. Almost all the streets of Carmel need grading. For this a proper, detailed, and unified plan is essential.

I am at a loss to know just what is meant by "grading" as the word is used here. It somehow suggests a Los Angeles real estate development scheme. If it is meant that wherever possible, all streets should be reduced to a dead level, I am afraid such a program would meet with much opposition. The Carmel idea seems to be a winding street, no more level than is absolutely necessary.

6. A properly qualified man, of complete professional and civic integrity, could save for the town of Carmel far more that it would have to pay him. We are at present losing very expensively.

The City of Carmel-by-the-Sea now has "a properly qualified man, of complete professional and civic integrity" duly employed as City Engineer by resolution of the Board of Trustees, passed some four years ago. The statement that we are at present "losing very expensively" should be supported by particulars. Such a loose, indefinite statement unaccompanied by any kind of supporting evidence can only do harm.

7. The Planning Commission needs an engineer, identified with the town and always available. It can't make a constructive move of any kind without such a man—even if it knew how.

Our present City Engineer is a member of the Planning Commission. Moreover the Planning Commission is authorized by law to employ any needed help and to pay for it out of their budget.

The next paragraph is very dogmatic; nevertheless I am going to urge a few little considerations on the other side of the argument. Most of us recognize that if we rented a larger house than we could use, if we bought more clothes than we could wear or more food than we could eat, we would be wasteful. In spending public money there is always grave danger of doing just this. Therefore it would seem to be an advantage to arrange things on a percentage basis and so have to pay for professional services only as they were used and only in a fixed proportion to the benefit to be derived. I fail to see where there can be any waste in this.

You refer to the Engineer "being paid by the contractors." You seem to imply that such a payment comes out of the contractors pocket and that this payment exerts an improper influence over the Engineer causing him to neglect to a certain extent the interests of the people of Carmel. Such is not the case. It is true that after the contract for the work has been signed the contractor advances a portion (and only a portion) of the Engineer's fee. The amount is then charged against the project, to be collected ultimately from the assessed district by the Contractor just as all other items of cost are. All parties to the transaction are thoroughly cognizant of this and, as it is a requirement of the law and the contractor could not refuse to comply if he would, it in no way influences the attitude of the Engineer. It is not even necessary for him to say as much as "thank you." It means nothing whatever to him.

As for the Engineer fixing the tax levies—HE DON'T. We have an assessor duly elected by the people for that purpose.

Coming now to the last paragraph. While I am convinced that the condition of the City's finances will not permit of a salaried Engineer, we will pass over the first statement as I know of no forceful antonym for "applesauce." But I would like particulars as to the "mire of past mistakes." I don't suppose there ever was a Council that made no mistakes and I don't suppose there ever will be. But what are these mistakes that it requires the services of a salaried Engineer to correct?

So far as the balance of the paragraph is concerned it is not necessary to take it up in detail. Most of us are willing to admit that there is a relation between the cost of a certain service and the returns that may be expected from such service. It is purely a question of simple arithmetic. An Engineer's services are of a very "special" nature. For Carmel they would be confined almost exclusively to street paving. With a salaried Engineer I am afraid that after about ten years we would find ourselves pretty thoroughly concreted in.

I realize that some of the statements that I have taken exception to above are of small consequence themselves, but it is from such trifles that some of us form our opinions. So for heavens sake let us start right. Therefore I am hoping that you will find room in your columns for this communication.

With best wishes for the success of your paper, I remain,

Yours very truly,
GEO. L. WOOD.

In answer to the letter sent to the Carmelite by Councilman Wood, on the question of a city engineer, we publish one by an expert engineer, Colonel Clair Foster. Not only has he had a wide and authoritative experience in city construction projects (such as the building of huge army camps during war-time, with their problems of topography, sanitation, street-grading) but he has been a resident of Carmel for many years, and has given it a considerable technical scrutiny. When the sewer-pipes were being laid, he reports, he observed the work and made comment, to the supervising contractor, "But these sewers are all wrong,—useless." "I know it," was the reply, "but this is what they want."

Here follows Colonel Foster's letter:

Editor, The Carmelite:

1. The Sanitary Commission's need is for an Engineer always within reach for consultation,—not just for occasional perfunctory advice.

2. The Carmelite's statement that the town has never been surveyed is correct. Mr. Wood considers it "a strange statement." Having had no engineering experience, he perhaps thinks a map that must necessarily have been made by surveyors is a "survey."

Until permanent monuments and benchmarks are established, with which all streets, property lines and grades tie in, a town has not been surveyed, as that word is used in the practice of engineering. There are no permanent monuments in Carmel. If you think there are just get a surveyor to come and give you an accurate location of your property. Watch him kick around in the dirt at street intersections hunting for one of the old rotted out stakes, driven in the hurry of the inception of a real estate development, by men working over the ups and downs and through the brush and woods of the primeval Carmel. The map that Mr. Wood refers to,—now on file in Salinas, is a town laid out on a drafting board, locating by figures streets, lots, etc.,—the customary map of the real estate sub-divider who has no money to spend on real surveys and permanent monuments.

Year after year Carmel has gone on locating its properties by the temporary stakes of the men who originally drove them, as nearly as they could in the rough terrain, according to the figures indicated on the original sub-divider's map that Mr. Wood tells you is "the concrete result of a thorough survey." Cheney, too, made a map that if it hadn't been for the alertness of a few fighters would have been filed as "concrete evidence."

An accurate survey and the establishment of permanent monuments,—permanent stakes or "markers",—will disclose that many a John Smith will find the stakes of his neighbor, James Brown, over on John Smith's property. Sooner or later an accurate "survey" must be made; and the longer it is put off the greater will be the differences that will have to be adjusted.

3. Mr. Wood says that one of your reasons for wanting an engineer of your own is knocked out because a careful study of the storm-drain problem already has been made and is now on file with the City Clerk. Well, drag it out and let's look at it. Hang it up where the people can see it,—just as was done with Cheney's careful study.

4. Sewers. Mr. Wood says that your statement that the sewers are already giving trouble "is news indeed." Well, IS it news to Mr. Wood? Just for the sake of argument let us presume that it is, and look up the plumber's bills of Reardon and of Kruger for digging up at various points and dislodging the stoppages. Those that have been paid must have been approved by Mr. Wood. A recent case of stoppage of which I happen to have visual evidence occurred on Lincoln street. The sewer backed up at a point north of the 12th Avenue manhole until the sewage overflowed out of the vent pipe and spread over a garden. Its owner was so hard to please that he objected to this condition. Actually he seemed rather inhospitable to the prospect of its running down into his house. So he called upon the town for relief. It is possible,—possible but unlikely,—that Mr. Wood may not have heard of this; so you tell him about it, will you? Tell him that Sunday, three weeks ago, the town had Plumber Kruger down there to dig up the sewer. The sewer itself was found to be blocked south of the outlet from the Mawdsley house. When this stoppage was cleared the rush of dammed-back sewage in turn established a new stoppage in the outlet of the Mawdsley drain where it enters the sewer and now Mr. Mawdsley's mind may remain at ease,—until the next time. Not a pleasant subject to discuss; neither is Mr. Wood's statement that "the sewers giving trouble is news indeed."

Now, there is no need of getting excited over this. Cheer up, you'll get used to it; for property owners will be increasingly sour and plumbers correspondingly gleeful for the rest of Carmel's natural life.

Even when sewers are of adequate dimensions they require the flushing either of periodic rainfalls or with water from the mains. No provision was made in Carmel for turning rain water into the sewers. In fact it would have done no good anyhow, for the pipes are too small to carry off the surface dirt that the rain water would carry into them. As for flushing from the mains, just try it and see what the Monterey County Water Works will charge you. Carmel wasn't and isn't able to pay for a proper sewer installation, but that was no excuse for people who lack practical knowledge to insist that it is adequate. Fortunately there are no problems to be met in Carmel that haven't already been met, solved and reduced to standard practice years ago; so that the inadequate character of Carmel's system is not a matter of what Tom, Dick or Harry thinks. Just here I am reminded of a naive remark made to me by the Superintendent of Streets. He said that the sewers hadn't been in long enough to determine yet that they were no good. That is like a man being told that in standing on a railroad track he is in a dangerous position, and his reply that he hadn't been there long enough for a demonstration.

5. Mr. Wood is "at a loss to know what is meant by grading." He sure is. "Establishing of grades" doesn't mean what he thinks it does.

6. Mr. Wood's opinion of the qualifications of engineers is worth just what it is worth. Mr. Wood was asked at a meeting of a number of members of the Committee of Forty, "Who is responsible anyhow for hiring this Cheney?" He replied that he guessed he was more responsible for it than anyone. When asked why Cheney's past performances weren't investigated first he added, "Well, we thought we were picking an orange but we found that we had picked a lemon."

7. It's a waste of time to answer a lot of statements so obviously indicative of ignorance of what goes on under the surface of street and sewer contracting. Just one point, however. Mr. Wood creates the impression that the way Carmel's engineer is employed is the only way an engineer may be legally employed. Not so; the town can employ anyone it chooses and may fix his compensation, by salary or otherwise.

Mr. Wood says, too, that an engineer's services in Carmel would be confined almost exclusively to street paving. From what he has seen in the past we can't blame him for thinking so. —Clair Foster.

PEOPLE . . . .

MIND AND BODY

Halldis Stabell is back with us for her summer season of classes in the "Renaissance of the Body."

"We have lost the instinct for right harmonic and rhythmic use of the body as the Greeks knew it, and with the instinct we have lost the classic beauty of line and movement. Our bodies today are full of the awkward ugly lines of misuse, and for every nerve and muscle and bone out of right relation, there grows a corresponding lack of balance in the individual's mental and spiritual attitude. All this has to be built up anew."

Miss Stabell's clear, quiet eyes, vigorous coloring, and crisp speech are testimony that her philosophy of aesthetic physical culture is a vitalizing fountain of youth.

Her classes opened on Monday, the 18th of this month, in the home of Mrs. Nye, at Dolores and 11th, and thereafter at her own studio on Mission and 12th. Classes for adults will be held twice a week, and children's classes and private lessons as arranged for.

MARY OVINGTON A SUMMER GUEST

Years ago, when I was a senior in Smith College, there came as a new student a young woman of rather fine personality. For a youngster she had a great deal of natural dignity. She had taste in behavior, dress, books, and in general. She was distinctly a young woman of charm and quality,—the sort who would be liked and welcomed under ordinary conditions.

But she was also a negro.

Because of this, she was an immediate outcast in Smith College.

I was an ardent idealist, and hotly indignant over this. Two or three of us became her friends. We offered her loyalty to offset the chill of her solitude in this center of "liberal culture." It did not weigh with her fellow-students that she was in the best sense an aristocrat (and partly through the heredity of southern white planters' blood), an intellectual of her race. Many who refused to eat with her at table were obviously her inferiors. She went through four academic years of loneliness.

And now this week in Carmel I meet Mary White Ovington, a social worker known throughout the United States for her fifteen years of service to the negro race through the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People. I mention to her the name of the girl I knew in college. Miss Ovington knows her, tells me of her latter years as teacher in a high school in Washington, D. C., the center of 'fashionable' negro life in this country; and of her development away from the bitterness that her four college years have caused in her.

Miss Ovington knows them all, the leaders of the colored race in the United States. She has worked upon their problems with them,—with the bitter intellectuals and with the manual types. She knows the thwartings, the aches, the complexities, in the lives of the people of an alien race.

Her presence on the Pacific Coast is due to the coming annual convention in Los Angeles of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People, at which Lincoln Steffens will speak. Her recent book is reviewed in the book section of the current Carmelite. —P. G. S.

PERSONAL NOTES . . . .

Mr. Frederic J. Dennis, editor of the Pasadena Spectator, a news monthly, spent several days last week in Carmel, and a number of hours of these about the Carmelite office. When we voiced our happy astonishment that an editor should spend a vacation about editorial premises, he confessed that half the joy consisted in watching others work while he himself was free of responsibilities.

Dora Hagemeyer and her two sons are off for a time of rest, study, and recuperation from the intensities of Carmel life. They will spend two or three months in the little town of Halcyon, south of here, where there are neither theatres, nor concerts, nor tremendous issues, and where a quiet rural community life moves in life-rhythms so peaceful, that a return to Carmel will be a return to the Big City.

Laidlaw Williams, who starts the first of a series of articles on the birds of the Monterey Peninsula in the Carmelite this week, is well qualified in his chosen field. He has already done some important research work and made valuable discoveries. He found out that the pelican nests further North than Anacapa Island, in face of general disbelief that it did. Seeing these birds resting on rocks further north he made investigations, and the pelican egg he discovered now rests in the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology at the University of California.

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EDUCATION . . . .

WE COMMENCE

Twenty-four children, all in white, all scrupulously clean behind the ears, and wide eyed, sit straight on yellow folding chairs on a platform listening to a lecture on the responsibility of graduating from grammar school.

Already the shadow of growing-up spreads wings, already they have lost their carefree expression. A vigorous young man, the new principal, who is a demonstration himself that one does somehow come through an occasion like this, all right, and even thrivingly, is delivering an address on such important aspects of citizenship as Cooperation, Sportsmanship, Initiative, Responsibility. As he finishes, there is a great sigh, a clapping, a scuffling, and coughing, the class rises, rearranges itself, repeats falteringly the American Creed, receives two dozen diplomas and a blessing and is thus launched into brighter adventures.

The graduates:

Julia MacEldowney
Kathleen Murphy
Rosalee Murphy
John Palmer
Bernice Soucey
Ronald Soucey
Margaret Spratt
Carmen Taylor
Roberta Thudicum
Andrew Walls
Jean Wermuth
Helen Charis Wilson
Winifred Askew
Douglas Campbell
Richard Catlett
Audrey Clay
Gail David
Alicia Flanders
Nadine Fox
Patricia Johnson
John Kellogg
Carlyle Lewis
Carmelita Machado
Stuart Marble

The musical program, under the direction of Pauline Newman, was charmingly selected and executed. The young voices were given lovely melodies from Handel, Schubert, Cesar Franck, Rimsky-Korsakov, simply arranged for a chorus of ten, and accompanied on the piano by Miss Newman herself.

WHERE DO WE GO

The problems of getting launched into life after graduation from High School do not cloud the youthful brow.

Gordon Campbell, who was Student Body President of the Monterey High, contemplates quite blithely the prospect of another six or eight years of preparation for the law profession, at Menlo Jr. College and Stanford.

Merle Coffey, faced with the necessity to earn her living at once, says, "Sure, a commercial course at high school would get you a job if you really worked. But there's always an awful lot of playing around at school. Kids don't realize until they get out, what they're up against."

Lexie Grant thinks that travel is the best way to "broaden the point of view" after graduation. She is going to spend a year in Mexico City, at college, after which she plans to go into the advertising field. "I adore to write, and advertising copy is about the only way a girl can earn a living by writing, unless its newspaper work, and I don't like that."

Evelyn Arne says, "Well of course I took a crazy course at high school if I expect to earn much of a living. I took the things I enjoyed doing, four years of art, and four of music. But a music career costs so much money, I suppose I'll have to give that up. I will probably go to the San Francisco Art Institute and study commercial art, after I've taken a year off to earn enough money to see me through." She adds, "It's quite a different thing if you have a family to fall back on; getting started financially doesn't look so hard. It's a great temptation to fiddle around and have a good time as long as you can always come home to eat and sleep. I don't envy the girl that has to pay board and room rent every week."

LEARNING BY DOING

The children of the Sunset School need a manual training shop.

What to do?

How easy the answer, in a modern school! The children will build their own shop next fall term, under the direction of Mr. Calley, their new manual training teacher, and with the cooperation of Mr. Bigland, architect for the school, and of Mr. Bardarson, incoming principal. For children as well as grownups, learn by doing, instead of reading and theorizing about things.

WE ADMIT OUR MISTAKES

Jean Wermuth's name should have been included in the list of Sunset School graduates of last week.

The reproduction of the picture "Finis," by Alberte Spratt, was made possible for us by the courtesy of the Argus, a journal of art published in San Francisco. We omitted to mention this, and our thanks.

A significant line was left out of our quotation last week of the poem by Robinson Jeffers.

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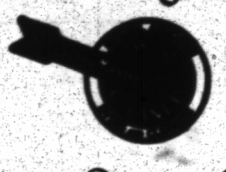
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WORLD NEWS . . . .

Katherine Parrott Gorringe

At Kansas City the Republican Convention went off according to program. Herbert Hoover was unanimously nominated the party's candidate for the Presidency, while 500 farmers outside the hall, marched to the slogan "We won't vote for Hoover." For vice-president we shall have, if the Republican ticket wins, a man who on his mother's side is a Kaw Indian—Charles Curtis, senator from Kansas.

* * * *

Frost-bitten, suffering from injuries, lacking food and shelter, Nobile and his seven men are still drifting on the ice. A rescue plane flying directly over them failed to see them, though seen by them. In that region of moving ice-fields, of storm and fog, every attempt by ship, dog-sledge or hydroplane has failed to reach them.

* * * *

Fortune has been more friendly to Amelia Earhart, the first woman flyer to cross the Atlantic. From Newfoundland to Wales the "Friendship" monoplane with William Stultz as pilot, carried her in 20 hours and 49 minutes.

* * * *

Earthquakes, like Nature's bad boy, roam here and there, seeking whom they may annoy. Now they are in Mexico, where on Saturday night and early Sunday, 50 distinct shakes were felt, though little damage resulted.

* * * *

Along the Redwood Highway, from Sausalito to Grants Pass, Oregon, 26 Indians are running a 482 mile Marathon. On Tuesday, Flying Cloud, 21-year old Karook Indian, running on an average of slightly more than five miles an hour, was thirty miles ahead of Melika, 62-year-old Zuni, his nearest rival.

* * * *

Helen Wills, playing at Wimbledon, England, was defeated in doubles by her English opponents, losing for America the Wightman cup.

* * * *

Stanford University graduated on Tuesday the largest class in its history—988.

* * * *

Two important musical associations disappear with the close of the musical year. The New York Symphony Society, the pioneer work of Leopold Damrosch, brilliantly continued by his son, Walter, is now, after 50 years, to be merged with the New York Philharmonic. The Flonzaley Quartette, after 25 years of fame, has also ceased to be.

* * * *

After so much bitterness, hatred and malice, it is encouraging to note that Parker Gilbert's interim report to the Reparations Commission is approved by leading Germans. The significant features of the report are the statement that Germany can meet in full the Dawes annuity of 2,500,000,000 marks, beginning in September of this year; and a renewed demand for fixing the total of the reparation debt.

* * * *

An international peasant movement in Europe, the "green internationale," particularly strong in the Slavic states, advocates a middle course between revolution and reaction. Dr. Hodza, Czecho-Slovakia's minister of education sees in this 'peasant-democracy' "the reconciliation of mixed races in Central Europe."

* * * *

Justice Holmes in a minority report of the Supreme Court characterizes wire-tapping, for the purpose of obtaining evidence, as 'a dirty business.' "I think it a less evil that some criminals should escape than that the government should play an ignoble part."

* * * *

The Federal Trades Commission is investigating a scandal more shameful in its implications than even the infamous Teapot Dome. In schools and colleges all over our country, Public Utilities companies have edited, revised, or wholly rewritten text-books used by the children in the study of sociology. The disadvantage of municipal or government ownership of public utilities and the corresponding advantage to the public of private monopoly have been ably written and taught by college professors and text-book writers in the pay of these companies. Says the executive manager of the Rocky Mountain Public Utilities Information committee, "Had the utilities industry not inaugurated systematic newspaper advertising, educational activities in the high schools, colleges, universities, and grade schools, and undertaken wide-spread speaking activities, we would be in a hell of a shape today." This "hell of a shape" he obligingly elucidates as a 100 per cent advance of municipal and government ownership in America. Do not forget that your electric and gas rates pay the bill to corrupt and prejudice the minds of your children at school.

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Did you know that—
Nietzsche, Wilde,
Sherwood Anderson,
D. H. Lawrence,
Anatole France, and
Turgenieff—
are among the authors found in the
Modern Library Edition
for only
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You'll find the
—Juiciest Steaks
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PETER'S PARAGRAPHS

So it is to be Hoover, who never laughs, against Smith, who laughs even at himself. And sobriety may be the issue.

This is not wit. It is only a bit of dry humor. And that's no joke either. Nothing is a joke about a Presidential election except—the election.

Listening to the Kansas City Convention speeches on the radio, a Carmelite remarked "How different it sounds from what it does at the Convention. Without the psychology of the mob of delegates, it sounds like the nonsense it is."

Wouldn't it be magnificent if the radio caused men to talk to unemotional, invisible, thoughtful individuals by the millions, instead of to hot little mobs?

* * * *

There's a theory that genius is born of striving, not achievement. Poets come of parents who tried to, but did not sing; painting of fathers and mothers who saw beauty, but did not succeed in showing it; scientists of seekers after truth who did not find it.

If this be true, the children of Carmel will be geniuses.

* * * *

Suppose it were true that there is no Truth, only the Beautiful, and that everything is beautiful. Then the artists would be on the right track and only can't see it yet.

Not everywhere.

But they are learning.

James Joyce pointed out in "Ulysses" a lot of new stuff for prose, which many writers cannot see as beautiful. Much of "Ulysses" is ugly to us just because it is so tragic—and so common. It is better than common: it is well-nigh universal.

Things as they are may not seem right, but they may be written, and things as they should be, can't; not by an artist.

* * * *

A child with his tonsils newly removed and unable to swallow food is hungry, so he pores over the illustrated advertisements of foods.

And yet some people say the child is wiser than grown-ups.

* * * *

The Pope has issued a pronouncement disapproving of Women's taking part in Olympic games. Count Luckner, Germany's sea-hero, did not sink a certain passenger ship because there were women and children on board and he did not think women should come in touch with the harder side of life.

A noble sentiment; but it shows the depth and width the Atlantic puts between the European attitude to women and the American.

* * * *

Newspaper readers often wish that they could make a newspaper. They would make one that newspaper readers would like to read. When they get the chance, they don't do it. They also make a newspaper which newspaper readers would be satisfied with. An Editor who can create a newspaper which he himself can read with satisfaction would be a genius, but his newspaper would not grow and improve.

* * * *

Creation is impossible, and not only for editors and man; apparently creation never was and never will BE. Rearrangement, fresh combinations, new variations are all that happen to—whatever they are that are without end or beginning.

Dressmakers may advertise their "creations," arty people may talk about "the creative," but artists, chemists, gardeners and cooks know better. Might as well say parents create children.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

David, aged seven, was taking off his shoes and one hit his little sister. Anne wept, and the angry father, intent on teaching his son the lesson of chivalry, especially to a younger and weaker sister, gave him a very severe spanking.

David sobbed but said nothing. Next day he came to his father and remarked: "You nearly didn't have any little boy after yesterday, papa."

"Why, son?"

"Cos I nearly ran away. I didn't hit Anne on purpose. I was pulling at my shoe hard and it was stuck and it flew off and hit Anne by mistake."

Father was ashamed, and humbly apologized over and over. Then "Is that all right with you now, David?" he asked.

"Y-yes," hesitated David, "but next time, father, do think before you act."

BOOKS . . . .

Portraits in Color. Mary White Ovington. The Viking Press.

This book might be prescribed as an antidote to those infected with the white man's virus of superiority. One suspects it was so intended. Twenty American negroes, men and women, have been selected to emphasize the more recent intellectual advance of their race. Perhaps with intention they are chiefly those who are successfully doing a piece of recognized work in the intellectual machine shop of America. If the book's chief intent is to show the negro making good in many and varied ways, it is eminently successful.

In this country there are two current 'appreciations' of the negro — both of them hypocritical and false. The least hypocritical, but the falsest, regards Paul Dunbar, Du Bois, Hayes and others as racial accidents, 'sports,' to give a scientific nomenclature, whose talent bears no relation to the capacity of their race as a whole, and cannot therefore be regarded as prophecy or promise. They are trained dogs who cleverly dance on their hind legs while the rest of the canine race goes and will continue to go on all fours. More hypocritical is the fulsome and lavish lush of praise of the young intelligentsia, who nevertheless, when one digs to the roots of their admiration, applaud the negro chiefly for those things which least illustrate his advance. Spirituals were sung by slaves and appreciated by benevolent slave-holders a century before Greenwich Village heard them in Harlem cabarets. They relate the black man to savage culture. And in fact the whole bag o' tricks, for which he is so extravagantly praised, 'the Blues,' the 'Chocolate Kiddies' and the rest are merely a sophisticated rehearsal of the Christmas entertainment at the Big House on the plantation. For such 'appreciations' this book, by its careful selection, substitutes a genuine understanding built upon knowledge of the negro's divergent talents and, as well as his courageous and stubborn fight on the long up-grade.

But as 'portraits,' of whatever color, one feels that these men and women deserve a different delineation; by the character of their achievement they have earned the right of estimation as humans rather than as negroes who have 'made good.' Especially is this true of Du Bois, Meta Fuller, Roland Hayes and others whose achievement is definitely artistic. They might be purple or green without affecting their right to be judged by artistic standards alone. Too much emphasis is laid on "the barriers placed to handicap the negro race." All success is a leaping over barriers, of which there is a superfluity in every life. In so far as the black man has done it in this country, he has made the race easier for those who follow him. But where his own work is concerned, it should surely be measured as the work of a man, against the like work of other men, white or black.

Negroes by chance, they have won success by the same talents, the same hard work, against prejudices no greater than those that many a white man has fought. Racial antagonism hits the black man in this country no more than it does the Jew in many parts of Europe and America. Its opposition is no stronger than Philistinism everywhere sets up against the new, the radical, the venturesome. For heaven's sake, let's stand on our achievements or abide by our failures as human beings—not as "women," as negroes, or as exceptions of whatever sex or color!

Katherine Parrott Gorringe.

NEW BOOKS AT THE LIBRARIES

GAMECOCK:

Fiction—

D. H. Lawrence ..... Women Who Rode Away
Rupert Hughes ..... Lovely Duckling

FIRST EDITION:

Fiction —

G. B. Stern ..... Debonair
Paul Morand ..... Living Buddha

Non-Fiction—

Albert Rhys Williams ..... Through The Russian Revolution
Fishbein and White ..... Why Men Fail

WOODSIDE:

Fiction—

Somerset Maugham ..... Ashenden
Feuchtwanger ..... Ugly Duchess
Walpole ..... Wintersmoon

Non-Fiction —

M. P. Follett ..... The New State
Michael Pupin ..... New Reformation

The book department of the Carmelite will next week provide a summary of the season's important books.

POETRY . . . .

NEVER TO KNOW

Never to know that we do not know:
This it will be if death is the end;
Never to say "it is over" and so
Feel our escape and quietly spend
A motionless moment in perfect peace,
Knowing the ecstasy of release.

—from "The Pale Woman," by Sara Bard Field.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
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Announces
A FREE LECTURE ON
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
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Tuesday, June 26, 8:30 P. M.
The Public is Cordially Invited to Attend

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is talk of the opening of
Paul's Radio Service
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next to the Manzanita Theatre
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Service calls welcomed 15 years experience

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announces the opening of his
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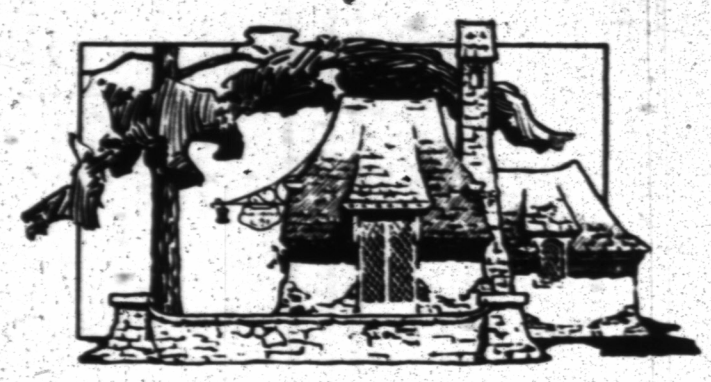
Furniture, Rugs, and Draperies
Reproductions of Antiques to Order
Friday---June 22

the latest "new yorker" lies on the tables----
a fire glows on a corner hearth----
fresh coffee perks in a dozen pots----
the radio brings the mark hopkins
to
Carmel-by-the-Sea charles Telephone 261



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El Paseo Building

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Home Builders' Service

—including information on plans, financing, and building—
—with a complete Cataloguing System of building materials, appliances, and equipment—
—an Exhibit of appliances and materials—
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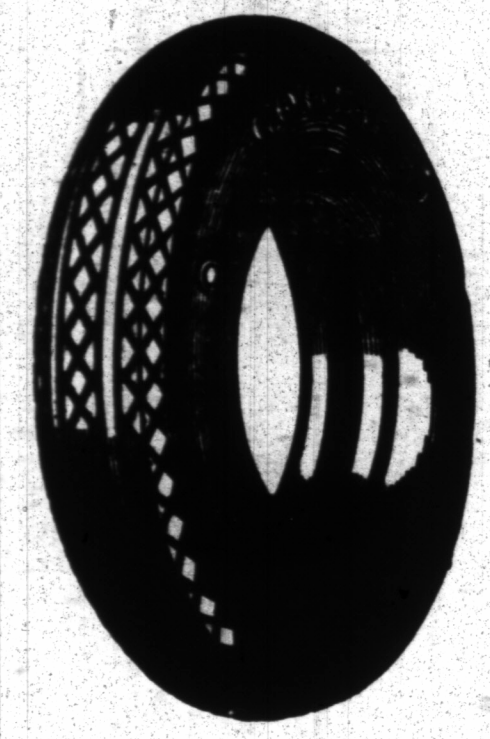

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With the coming of the fine summer weather motorists are heading for the mountains by the thousands. The roads are open unusually early this year and many beautiful spots are to be located even on a short day's run. The party in the Chevrolet sedan is shown on a road through the woods in back of Mount Tamalpais, Marin County.